

## A WARTIME INCIDENT

IT ILLUSTRATED THE GENTLE NATURE OF ROBERT E. LEE.

How the Cool, Calm Commander Helped a Badly Hurted Cavalier. The General's Kindly Thoughtfulness Under Trying Circumstances.

Not long before the close of the civil war, when General Robert E. Lee had his headquarters near Petersburg, a young man was sent to him with a message from his son, General William H. F. Lee, whose cavalry command was then stationed at U. about forty miles distant. The message was a very brief one to the effect that the son would join the father with his entire cavalry the next morning by 9 o'clock at Rowan creek, a point below Petersburg on the Weldon railroad. The young man, now long past middle life, tells the story himself:

I was little more than a boy, the youngest and last appointed on the staff of our gallant commander, and in addition to the novelty of it there were two other reasons which made the night's ride the most exciting experience I had ever known—General Lee was my idol, and I had never seen him. I had to ride fast, and when at last I left my dripping horse at General Lee's door and was ushered into his presence I was almost overcome with fatigue and heat, though too excited to realize it. General Lee sat at a table over some midnight work. He stopped writing for a moment and rose to receive me, while I saluted, more than realizing my boyhood's ideal in the commanding presence in which I stood at last. Almost faint, as I said, I forgot myself and my errand and seemed to see the object of my admiration through a sort of mist, like a dim picture looking out of a dark cavern. Suddenly I became conscious that General Lee was asking me my errand.

"I have been sent by your son, General William H. F. Lee," I began mechanically. "To tell you that I will meet you with my cavalry tomorrow morning by 9 o'clock at Rowan creek." And then I stopped.

"At what point will we meet me?" asked General Lee.

It was a simple question, but the cold sweat started out on my hands and face as he asked it, and things grew dimmer than ever.

"I have forgotten, general," I said as soon as I could get my voice. It seemed to come from a hollow under my feet somewhere.

General Lee looked at me in surprise. Then, as if to relieve my embarrassment, he took a turn across the tent. "Can't you think?" he said, as I remained silent. I tried to go over the places in the country around. I could not think of one. The general stood still again before me, trying to think himself.

"Was it Rowan Station?" he asked. "No, general. It wasn't that," I said, beginning to take a little courage. "Or Hatcher's run?"

"No, general."

"Was it Stony creek?"

"No, sir. I was as blank as ever."

"Maybe it was Rowan creek," he ventured again after a pause. I drew a long breath; the mist faded from my eyes.

"Yes, general," I said, "it was Rowan creek," and waited to be dismissed with the unlimited contempt I deserved.

"When did you leave G?" was the next question.

"At 11 o'clock," I replied. It was then half past 3.

"You must be tired. Orderly!" he called. The orderly appeared at the tent door. "Take this cavalier and see that he has some supper and a place to sleep."

I saluted and went out with the orderly. I had the best meal that night, or, rather, that morning, that I had eaten in many a day and dropped asleep as soon as my head touched the sheltered grass which served as my bed in the tent assigned me.

When I woke there was a tent over me. The sun was shining in my face. The field was clear. Not a vestige of the encampment but its refuse was left. On one of the forked props which had upheld the tent hung my knapsack. I examined it. It was filled with food. Tied to a tree near by was my horse, saddled and bridled and showing a very dainty appetite for grass. I seized some of the contents of my knapsack and, eating as I rode, galloped on toward Rowan creek.

It is needless to say that in the struggle which followed during the next few days over the Weldon railroad I fought as I had never fought before for a fool and but for his own thoughtfulness the possible cause of the failure of a battle, but who deemed it worth while to notice only that I was tired and hungry and took pains to see that I and my horse had food and rest.

**Sense Slips of Speech.** Many persons are in the habit of saying "Two pairs of shoes" instead of "Two pairs of shoes." In the mistaken belief that the word pair should be pluralized because it is plural in meaning. It means two of a kind and is therefore used in a plural sense, but we should say "one pair" all the same. An error is often made also in pluralizing the word "teaspoonful." It is not "teaspoonfuls," but "teaspoonsful." In other words, it is not the teaspoon that should be pluralized, but the quantity; not the measuring article, but what it measures.

**Essential Knowledge.** "What is the most important thing about handling a sailboat?" The old salt looked the novice over thoughtfully and then replied, "Knowing how to swim."—Washington Star.

**How This?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

W. L. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

W. L. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 50¢ per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Meneley, The Tailor.

## A Fishy Craft.

While it is rarely employed by Europeans as a method of travel, even in emergencies, the catamaran of the Madras fishermen of India is by all odds the most extraordinary of water vehicles.

It consists simply of three logs lashed together and lashed with the surface of the water. On these a fisherman (sometimes two or more fishermen) stands and with a single oar paddles himself far out to sea. A Madras fisherman will venture out when boatmen will not launch their craft, and even in weather when boats cannot be launched he will go through the surf and out to ships with letters, for the delivery of which he gets a few pence. In order to catch their ships a few belated travelers have been known to trust themselves on catamarans. They are united in the statement that the ride on the logs was the most nerve trying experience they had undergone in a land that holds a new thrill for the stranger at every turn. The sea and an occasional ducking have no terrors for these natives, not even the extremely young, and in reality the catamaran is not entirely to be scorned, for it is, after all, nimbable.

**Water Pipes and Freezing.**

Housekeepers as a rule do not understand why it is the hot water pipe is the first to freeze in very cold weather. They think that it ought to be the other way around—that hot water ought to withstand the low temperature longer than cold water will. That does seem reasonable, but a little investigation shows us that it is not. Hot water freezes more quickly than cold water for several reasons. In the first place, the boiling of water expels the air from it, and water will not freeze until it has parted with its air. In the second place, there is always a slight agitation on the surface of hot water, and this promotes congelation by assisting the crystals to change their position until they assume that most favorable to solidification. Then the particles in hot water divide into smaller globules by reason of the heat, and less resistance is therefore offered to the cold than in cold water.

**Healthfulness of Honey.**

"Honey, one of the most nutritious and delicate of foods, should be eaten more than it is," said a cooking expert. "Doubt in the mind of a cook is bound to be magnified, and this pure honey will keep its friends free from sore throat and bronchial troubles. I have not had a sore throat since six years ago I took to eating honey. My doctor tells me he often recommends honey, with excellent results, for diseases of the throat. Honey is excellent to use instead of sugar for sweetening cakes. It gives the cakes a most delightful flavor. It is also excellent in place of butter on hot biscuit, on toast and on buckwheat cakes. I know a number of women who use honey as a cosmetic. They apply it to the skin, rub it in well, then wash it off with hot water. The result is a finer textured complexion, a glowing color, a young, fresh look."

**Instinctive Piety of the Irish Gael.**

As Dr. Douglas Hyde pointed out, "The Irish Gael is pious by nature. There is not an Irishman in a hundred in whom is the making of an unbeliever. God is far from him, assured, true, intelligible. When he meets a neighbor, instead of saying 'Bun jour' or 'Good morning' he says 'God salute you.'"

Indeed, all the ordinary invocations and salutations of the Irish language are governed by this religious feeling. "When he takes snuff from you he will say, 'The blessing of God be with the snuff of your snuff.' If a sudden wonderment surprises him he will cry, 'A thousand thanks to God,' and if he be shown a young child of anything else for the first time he will say, 'Prosperity from God on it!'"—London Spectator.

**Lava.**

Lava may be blown into opaque bottles of glassmer lightness, and the harder sort makes a beautiful green glass of half the weight and double the strength of ordinary glass. But it is not always the same. Every volcano pours out its own special brand of molten mixture, disagreeable to walk on, but sometimes yielding precious products, as pumice stone. Lava, like all things, decomposes under the touch of time, as the fertile plains of Sicily testify.

**Ancient Glass.**

In the Slide collection at the British Museum in London the most ancient specimen of pure glass the date of which can be approximately fixed is a small flask, bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty. That is to say, at a period which may be approximately placed at more than 2500 years B. C. glass was made with a skill which shows that the art was far from new.—London Telegraph.

**Puzzled.**

The distinguished alienist looked worried. "No," he said to the reporter, "I can't give you an opinion as to the sanity of the prisoner." "But surely you have considered the case?" "It isn't that," replied the alienist; "but, you see, each side has sent me a retainer, and as these are the same amounts I am, of course, in temporary doubt."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**A Cautious Doctor.**

"Doctor, something is the matter with me. Sometimes my mind is a perfect blank, and my memory constantly fails me. I wish you would treat me."

"I will. But in view of the peculiar nature of your case I shall want my fee in advance."

**None is to be deemed free who has not perfect self command.**—Pythagoras.

**ROUSH'S CROSSING.**

September 10, 1906.

Elli Roush and wife and daughter, Tidy, visited Joshua Shaffer, of Allensburg Sunday.

Wm. Smith has returned from Cincinnati for a short stay.

Misses Malinda Smith and Samantha Robuck returned last week from Washington C. H., where they attended the fair.

FOR SALE—Both Timothy and clover hay, A. E. BILLARD, Hillsboro, O.

## Her Husband's Book.

"James, dear, will you bring me up a scuttle of coal from the cellar?" said a busy wife.

"That's just the way with you," said James, with a frown, as he put down his book and rose from the armchair. "Just the way with me?"

"Yes!" he snapped. "As soon as you see me enjoying myself you have something or other for me to do. Didn't you see I was absorbed in my reading?"

"Well, dear, I will do it myself."

"Yes, and tell everybody, your mother especially, that you have to carry your own coal up from the cellar. No, I'll do it. Let me mark my place."

So he marked the place in the book at which he had ceased reading, and when he went down to the cellar, grumbling all the way, she picked up the volume and found it was a love story and that the passage he had been absorbed in was as follows:

"My darling, when you are my wife I will shield and protect you from every cure. The winds of heaven shall not visit your face too roughly; those pretty hands shall never be soiled by menial tasks; your wish shall be my law; your happiness?"

Just then he reappeared and, dropping the scuttle upon the floor, said:

"There's your coal! Give me my book!"—The Bits.

**Man and His Galluses.**

The "gallus" marks the freeman and the man of genuine, unpretending culture and civilization. Your snob and your savage adore it. In Mesopotamia the wild bush bawak wears a belt; in Yucatan the Indian wears a girdle of shark's teeth; in Senegambia the shameless cannibal sports a gunny sack; in Atlantic City some years back the dukes used to wear shawls. But find a man who when he throws off his coat to begin his daily toil lays bare a pair of heavy sky blue galluses and you'll find a man who pays his way in the world, loves his wife, rears his children in the fear of the Lord and votes the straight ticket. The "gallus" is useful, it is graceful, and properly adorned with hand painted flowers and brass buttons it is beautiful. To be ashamed of it, to conceal it or to abandon it for a somber leather belt is to fail in an essential of true manhood and fly in the face of fate.—Baltimore Sun.

**The Unicorn.**

The unicorn was one of the fabled monsters of antiquity. It was, according to a summary of the opinions of several of the old time writers, a beast about the size of a common horse, but with very short legs. The people of the middle ages believed in the existence of three kinds of unicorns—the magnificent white unicorn, which had a purple face and blue eyes and a single horn a yard in length; the eglesion, which resembled a gigantic deer and had a very sharp horn growing from the middle of the forehead, and the monicorn, or common unicorn. The white unicorn's horn was of three different colors—white at the lower part, black as ebony in the middle and red at the point. Common unicorns were said to have had horns about eighteen inches in length, but so strong that they could easily kill an elephant.

**Clock Inscriptions.**

In former times it was the custom of clockmakers to inscribe on the dial plates of their clocks quaint verses, one of the most common being the following:

I serve thee here with all my might  
To tell the hours by day and by night.  
Therefore example take by me  
To serve thy God as I serve thee.

Another favorite inscription was "Tempus Fugit," or "Time Flies," and thereby hangs a tale. A well known English clockmaker who flourished toward the close of the last century, on being asked by a customer whether a certain clock was of home manufacture, replied: "Oh, certainly. Don't you see the name, sir—Tunmas Fugit? I often have his clocks through my hands."

**The Circle County.**

The oldest shaped county among the thousands which go to make up the separate divisions of the various states is Warren county, Tenn. It lies almost exactly in the geographical center of the state and is about as near a perfect circle as any division of land could possibly be. The circle would be perfect but for the fact that there is a short stretch of the northern boundary line which follows a small stream for a short distance. It is bounded by Cannon, Dekalb, Coffee, Grundy, Van Buren and White counties.

**Reserve Buds.**

Every one has noticed how, when a large branch of a tree is cut off, small branches will shoot out around the stump. These branches are from the reserve buds, of which all trees have a great number at every portion of their surface. Under ordinary circumstances these never come to maturity, but when the tree is wounded or cut off or loses some of its branches the reserve buds at once come into play and renew the foliage.

**Her Scheme.**

Mrs. De Style—He never gave her any part of his wages, but spent it all in a nearby saloon. Mrs. Gumbusta—How mean! Mrs. De Style—But he gives her every cent now. Mrs. Gumbusta—She's reformed him, eh? Mrs. De Style—No, but she runs the saloon.—New York Times.

**False Doctrine.**

School Examiner—What is the meaning of false doctrine? Schoolboy—Please, sir, it's when the doctor gives the wrong stuff to the people who are sick.—Christian Register.

**A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand is the wheels as they run.**—Ouida.

Caller—Miss Millicent plays wonderfully on the piano.

Grandfather Greevius—Yes; it sort o' runs in the family. By jucks, you'd ort o' have heard me play 'Ole Dan Tucker' an' 'Ole Bob Ridley' on a jews-harp when I was a boy!—Chicago Tribune.

**"Have they got a family skeleton?"**

"I should say so!"

**"How do you know?"**

"I saw their eldest daughter in a bathing suit this summer."—Houston Post.



## HE HELPS A PRISONER.

"Bring in the hobo!" was the order, and Policeman Flynn knew that that meant to round up all vagrants. The department had been severely scored because of the increase in the number of petty thefts.

Now, the term "vagrant" is comprehensive in its meaning, and may be made to include many different kinds of people. Anyone who has no visible means of support and no place to sleep comes under that general classification. Whether he is anxious to steal or anxious to work is quite immaterial; if he has no job and no home and no money, he is a vagrant, and his intentions count for little or nothing. A man of Policeman Flynn's judgment would like to discriminate occasionally, but, under such an order as had been given, a conscientious officer has no chance. So, when he saw the manager of a small manufacturing establishment on his beat holding a shabby-looking fellow by the collar, he knew that the time had come for him to act.

"Here, officer," said the manager, "run this fellow in."

"What's he been doing?" asked Policeman Flynn.

"Oh, he's a plain hobo," was the reply. "This is the second morning I've caught him sleeping in the doorway, and he had the nerve to ask me for a job."

"Why don't ye give it to him?" inquired Policeman Flynn.

"To him?" exclaimed the manager. "Why, look at him! Do you think he really wants a job? It's only an excuse."

"Ye can't tell be a ma-an's licks what he wants," was the sage suggestion of Policeman Flynn. "To look at me mebbe ye might not think I wanted a million dollars." Then he turned to the vagrant and demanded:

"Where d' ye live?"

"Anywhere," suddenly answered the man.

"What d' ye do for a livin'?"

"I'm looking for work."

"Where d' ye work for?"

The man gave him an address, but added:

"That was three months ago. I got a dollar a day as a sort of general hustler, but they cut down the force and let me go."

"An' ye've had no job since? No wonder ye're lookin' r-rocky," commented Policeman Flynn. "But or ders is orders, an' if ye have no home an' no money, an' no work, I'll have ye to take ye in."

On the way to the station the man complained bitterly of his hard luck. He was a comparatively young fellow, but poorly equipped for the battle with the world. His education had been neglected, and he was handicapped by

hobo," retorted the manager, sharply.

"There's th' makin' it a ma-an in mummy a hobo," suggested Policeman Flynn.

"Possibly, possibly," admitted the manager, "but this is no eleemosynary institution."

"Say that ag'n," said Policeman Flynn. "I don't folly ye."

"I say this is no charitable institution," repeated the manager. "We're looking for a workman and not a tramp. Did that fellow convince you that he really wants to work?"

"I'll lay me hat ag'n a plugged nickel that he wa-ants ' to get a job th' wor-est wa-ay," asserted Policeman Flynn. "If ye're lukkin' fr a ma-an, why don't ye give him a chanst?"

The manager looked surprised, but not convinced.

"Why, as a matter of fact," he said, "I don't believe he wants a job. That was only an excuse to escape arrest as a vagrant. Just remember how he looked. Everything was against him."

"An' I've tryin' will be ag'in th' chanst," insisted Policeman Flynn. "Oho! we're a fine lot iv gazabos in this wor-ld, we are fr sure. We throw a ma-an down an' shand on his chest, an' thim we ask him: 'Why don't ye get up?' 'I'm thryin' to,' says he; 'give me a ha-and,' he says. 'Get up fr-rst,' we says, niver takin' a fut off his chest; 'we'll be glad fr to help ye,' we says, 'whin ye're on ye-er feet.' Did ye niver notice how we hold out th' helph' ha-and to thim that's up an' tur-n our ba-acks on thim that's down?"

"To tell the truth," said the manager, thoughtfully, "if the fellow had looked halfway decent and had had a home I would have been tempted to give him a trial, for we need a good, willing man."

"Ye must ha-ave a home befor ye can get wor-ck, and ye must get wor-ck befor ye can ha-ave a home," commented Policeman Flynn. "Ye must ha-ave th' clo'es fr th' job, but ye must ha-ave th' job fr to get th' clo'es. D'ye see th' wa-ay it comes out?"

"You're a clever pleader," asserted the manager, with a laugh. "Sit down and tell me what you have learned about the man. It's strange to find a policeman helping a vagrant."

"Tis often done, if ye only knew it," said Policeman Flynn.

"When the case was called in the police court Policeman Flynn gave all present the surprise of their lives."

"Ye-er Honor," he said, "I'll ask ye fr to 'ave th' ma-an go. I made a mista-ake. He do be havin' a job."

"He doesn't look it," returned the magistrate. "He looks like a hobo without food or shelter. Has he any money?"

Policeman Flynn looked troubled, but only for a minute. Then he reached into his pocket, pulled out a silver dollar and coolly handed it to the prisoner.

"Yis, ye-er Honor," he said, blandly. "Discharged," said the magistrate. Then he added thoughtfully, half to himself. "You can make a man and unmake him and remake him, and the job that's least often done is the last one, but I believe that policeman is trying it."

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**There Are Drawbacks.**

R. R. Passenger—Do you believe that "confession is good for the soul?"

Casual Acquaintance—Yes; but it is hard on the body. It once gave me three years in the penitentiary.—Detroit Free Press.

dows of the establishment was the sign: "Man Wanted."

"I thought I ray-mimbered it," he said, as he went in and asked to see the manager.

"Ye're lukkin' fr a ma-an?" said Policeman Flynn inquiringly, when he had reached the manager's office.

"Yes," admitted the manager. "Do you know of one?"

"Ye're lukkin' fr a ma-an," repeated Policeman Flynn, "an' whin ye ha-ave ye-er ha-and on wan that wa-ants fr to wor-ck ye sind him to th' po-lis station."

"I'm looking for a man and not a

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**Teacher—Now, can any of the class**

mention any other animal that be- longs to the brute creation?

New Pupil—My papa does.

Teacher—Good gracious! Who says so?